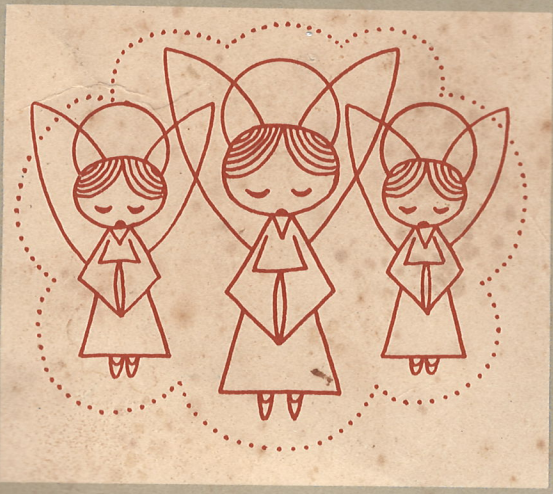
FAVOURITE HYMNS

The EASIPLAY SERIES



Compiled & Arranged by

FELTON RAPLEY

CHAPPELL

46828

MADE IN ENGLAND

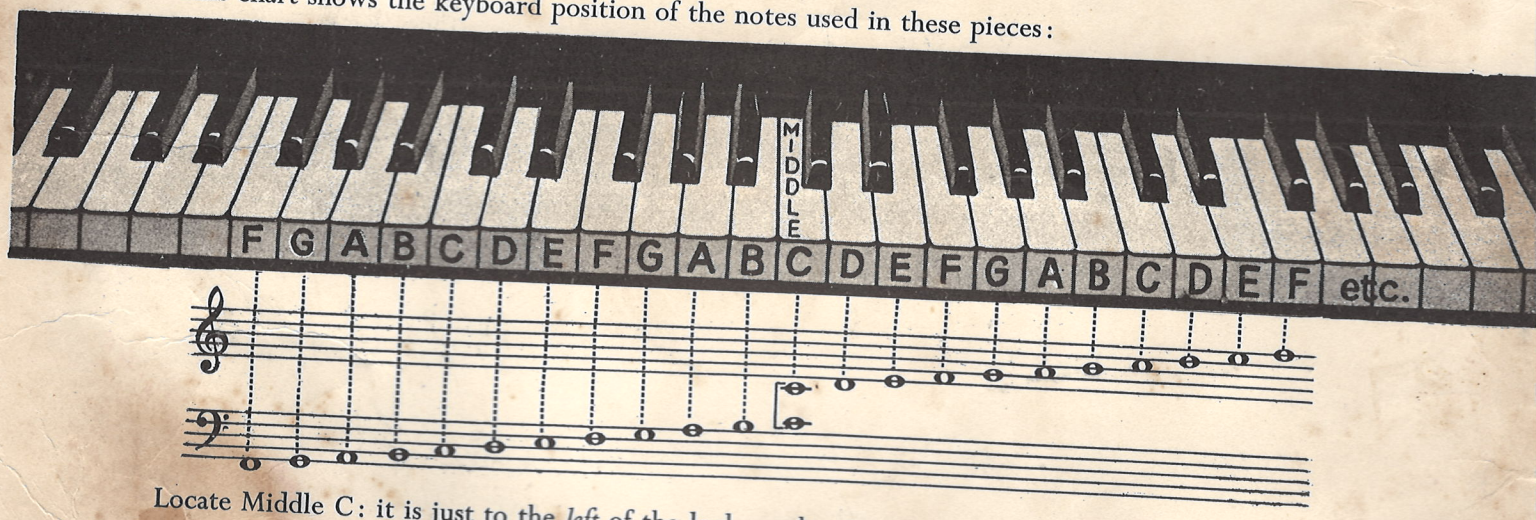
Corinth St Davids
Grenada W.I.
443-K44

INTRODUCTION

This Easiplay series has been designed to provide very simple arrangements of well-known tunes. It will enable not only beginner piano pupils, but even those who have never had music lessons and whose knowledge of the piano is only cursory, to play attractive and stylish arrangements of favourite melodies, whether at home, at school or in community gatherings.

In the music itself, the large notes are all that you need to play to provide an effective harmonic entity—never more than one note at a time for each hand—the small notes are optional and may be added if you can manage them: they will provide fuller harmonies, but are in no way essential If you don't read music, the notes given below on keyboard position and time values will help you.

This chart shows the keyboard position of the notes used in these pieces:



Locate Middle C: it is just to the *left* of the lock on the piano.

If a note has this sign in front of it ♭ (called a " flat"), play the black note to the *left* of the white note shown above.

If a note has this sign in front of it ♯ (called a "sharp"), play the black note to the *right* of the white note shown above.

If sharps or flats appear at the beginning of each stave next to the "clef" (𝄞 or 𝄢), then the note on that line or space should be played as if the sharp or flat were in front of it every time it occurs.

N.B. On the chart, the black note to the right of Middle C can be either C♯ or D♭: all the other black notes can also be the "sharp" of one note or the "flat" of the adjacent one.

The figures above and below the notes show you which fingers to use; in each hand the thumb = 1.

(*Continued inside back cover*

CHAPPELL'S
EASIPLAY
FAVOURITE HYMNS

Containing words and music of
24 Hymns

Compiled and arranged by
FELTON RAPLEY

PRIC

1974.
Joy Communsingh

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COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE, COME

(ST. GEORGE)

H. ALFORD
(1810-1871)

Sir G. J. ELVEY
(1816-1893)

Come, ye thank - ful peo - ple come, Raise the song of har - vest - home:
All is safe - ly gath - er'd in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;
God, our Mak - er doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied:
Come to God's own Tem - ple, come; Raise the song of har - vest - home.

2. All this world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear;
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3. For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest-home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

4. Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final harvest-home!
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home.

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YE CHOIRS OF NEW JERUSALEM

(ST. FULBERT)

ST. FULBERT of CHARTRES (d.1028)

Trans. R. CAMPBELL
(1814-1868)

H. J. GAUNTLETT
(1805-1876)

2. For Judah's Lion bursts His chains
Crushing the serpent's head;
And cries aloud through death's domains,
To wake th'imprisoned dead.

3. Devouring depths of hell their prey
At His command restore;
His ransomed hosts pursue their way
Where Jesus goes before.

4. Triumphant in His glory now
To Him all power is given;
To Him in one communion bow
All saints in earth and heaven.

5. While we, His soldiers, praise our King,
His mercy we implore,
Within His palace bright to bring
And keep us evermore.

6. All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee
While endless ages run.

LOVING SHEPHERD OF THY SHEEP

(BUCKLAND)

JANE E. LEESON
(1807-1882)

L. G. HAYNE
(1836-1883)

Chappell

2. Loving Saviour, Thou didst give
Thine own life that we might live,
And the hands outstretched to bless
Bear the cruel nails' impress.

3. I would praise Thee every day,
Gladly all Thy will obey,
Like Thy blessèd ones above
Happy in Thy precious love.

4. Loving Shepherd, ever near,
Teach Thy lamb Thy voice to hear;
Suffer not my steps to stray
From the straight and narrow way.

5. Where Thou leadest I would go,
Walking in Thy steps below,
Till before my Father's throne
I shall know as I am known.

SONGS OF PRAISE THE ANGELS SANG

(CULBACH)

J. MONTGOMERY
(1771-1854)

SCHEFFLER
(1657)

2. Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

3. Heav'n and earth shall pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heav'ns and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4. And will man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No, the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

5. Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6. Hymns of glory, songs of praise,
Father, unto Thee we raise;
Jesu, glory unto Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be.

O GOD OUR HELP IN AGES PAST

(ST. ANNE)

ISAAC WATTS
(1674-1748)

W. CROFT
(1671-1727)

2. Beneath the shadow of Thy Throne
Thy Saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine Arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3. Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the Same.

4. A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising-sun.

5. Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

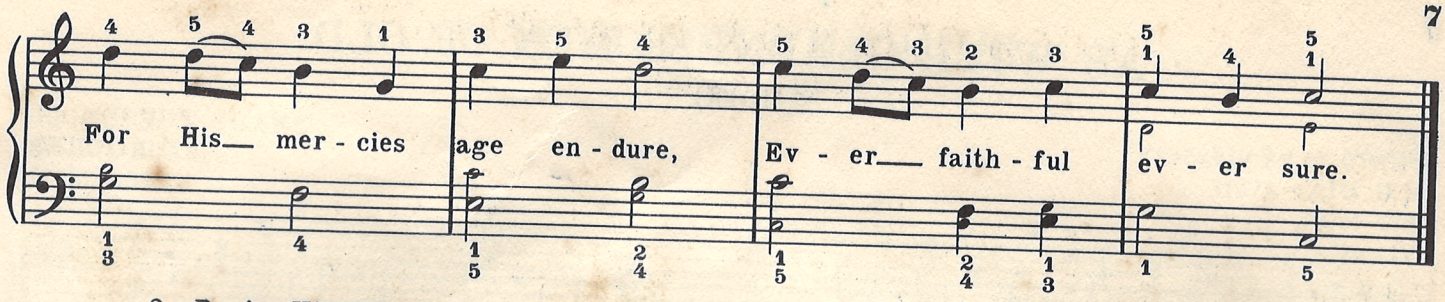
6. O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

PRAISE, O PRAISE OUR GOD AND KING

(MONKLAND)

Sir H.W. BAKER
(1821-1877)

J. WILKES (1785-1869)
Adapted from
HYMN TUNES of THE UNITED BRETHREN
(1824)



2. Praise Him that He made the sun,
Day by day its course to run.
For His mercies *etc.*

3. And the silver moon by night,
Shining with its gentle light.
For His mercies *etc.*

4. Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain.
For His mercies *etc.*

5. And hath bid the fruitful field,
Crops of precious increase yield.
For His mercies *etc.*

6. Praise Him for our harvest-store,
He hath filled the garner floor.
For His mercies *etc.*

7. And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss.
For His mercies *etc.*

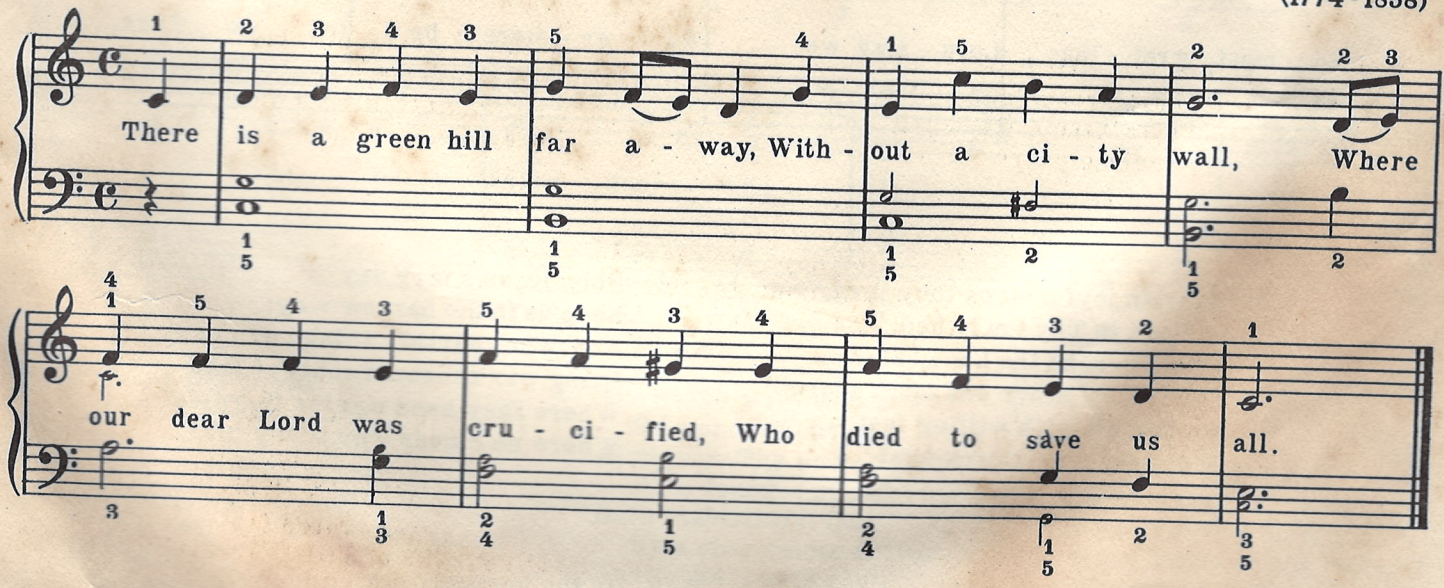
8. Glory to our bounteous King;
Glory let creation sing,
Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in One.

THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY

(HORSLEY)

Mrs C. F. ALEXANDER
(1823-1895)

W. HORSLEY
(1774-1858)



2. We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3. He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to Heav'n,
Saved by His precious Blood.

4. There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of Heav'n, and let us in.

5. O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming Blood,
And try His works to do.

AS WITH GLADNESS MEN OF OLD

(DIX)

W. C. DIX
(1837-1898)

C. KOCHER
(1786-1872)

As with- glad - ness men of old, Did the guid - ing star be - hold.
As with- joy they hail'd it's light, Lead - ing on - ward, beam - ing bright;
So, most grac - ious Lord, may we Ev - er - more be led to Thee.

2. As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to Thy lowly bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee, Whom Heav'n and earth adore;
So may we, with willing feet,
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

3. As they offer'd gifts most rare
At Thy cradle rude and bare;
So may we, with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4. Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransom'd souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5. In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

O WORSHIP THE KING

(HANOVER)

Sir ROBERT GRANT
(1785-1836)

Probably by W. CROFT
(1678-1727)

O wor - ship the King All glor - ious a - bove; O
grate - ful - ly sing His pow'r and His love; Our
shield and De - fend - er, The An - cient of days. Pav -
- il - ion'd in splen - dour And gird - ed with praise.

2. O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath
The deep thunder clouds form,
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

3. The earth with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power
Hath founded of old;
Hath stablish'd it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

4. Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light;
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

5. Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender!
How firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend.

6. O measureless Might,
Ineffable Love,
While Angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
Thy ransom'd creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall sing to Thy praise.

PRAISE TO THE HOLIEST IN THE HEIGHT

(RICHMOND)

Cardinal NEWMAN
(1801-1890)

T. HAWEIS
(1734-1820)

2. O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

3. O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail;

4. And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's Presence and His very Self,
And Essence all-divine.

5. O generous love! that He, Who smote
In Man for man the foe,
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo;

6. And in the garden secretly,
And on the Cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

7. Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL

(ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL)

Mrs C. F. ALEXANDER
(1823-1895)

W. H. MONK
(1823-1889)

1. All things bright and beau - ti - ful, All crea - tures great and small,
All things wise and won - der - ful, The Lord God made them all.
Fine
2. Each lit - tle flow'r that op - ens, Each lit - tle bird that sings, He
made their glow - ing col - ours, He made their ti - ny wings.
Da Capo

3. The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning,
That brightens up the sky;
All things *etc.*

4. The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one;
All things *etc.*

5. The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
We gather every day;
All things *etc.*

6. He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.
All things *etc.*

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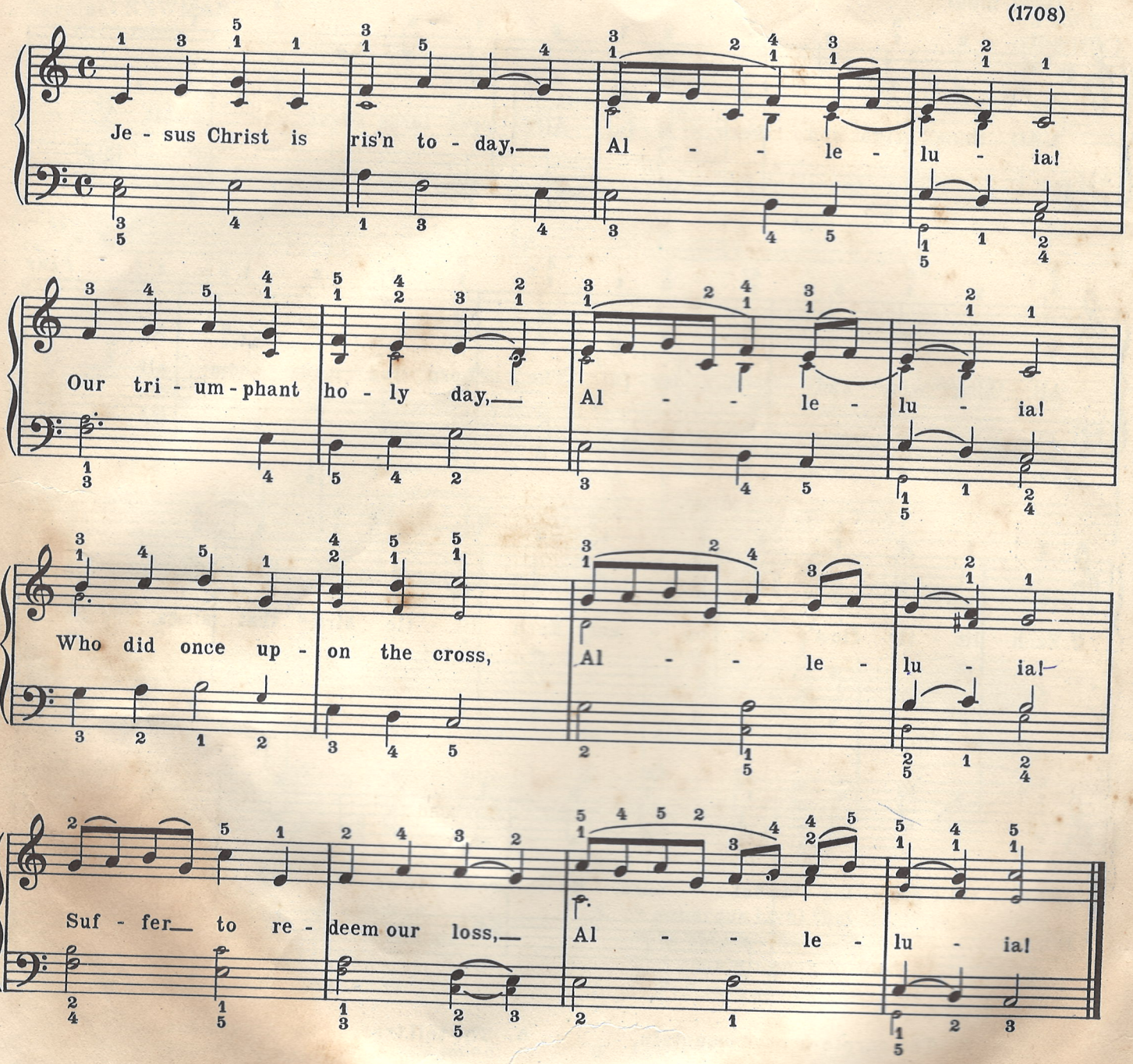
JESUS CHRIST IS RISEN TODAY

(EASTER HYMN)

LYRA DAVIDICA
(1708)

LYRA DAVIDICA
(1708)


Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day,— Al - - le - lu - ia!
Our tri - um - phant ho - ly day,— Al - - le - lu - ia!
Who did once up - on the cross, Al - - le - lu - ia!
Suf - fer— to re - deem our loss,— Al - - le - lu - ia!

2. Hymns of praise then let us sing
Alleluia!
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Alleluia!
Who endured the Cross and grave,
Alleluia!
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

3. But the pain which He endured
Alleluia!
Our salvation hath procured;
Alleluia!
Now above the sky He's King,
Alleluia!
Where the Angels ever sing.
Alleluia!

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY,

(NICÆA)

Bishop R. HEBER
(1783-1826)

J. B. DYKES
(1823-1876)

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God al - migh - ty!
Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to thee;
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and migh - ty,
God in Three Per - sons, Bles - sed Trin - i - - ty!

2. Holy, Holy, Holy! all the Saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3. Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art Holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4. Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity!

Chappell

ABIDE WITH ME

(EVENTIDE)

H. F. LYTE
(1793-1847)

W. H. MONK
(1823-1889)

A - bide with me; fast falls the ev - en - tide;
The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide.
When oth - er help - ers fail; and com - forts flee,
Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.

2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou Who changest not, abide with me.

3. I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5. Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in dearth, O Lord, abide with me.

ALL PEOPLE THAT ON EARTH DO DWELL

(OLD HUNDREDTH)

W. KETHE
(d.1594)

L. BOURGEOIS
(c.1500-1561)

All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice, Him
serve with fear, His praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.

2. The Lord ye know is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His folk, He doth us feed;
And for His sheep, He doth us take.

3. O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4. For why, the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

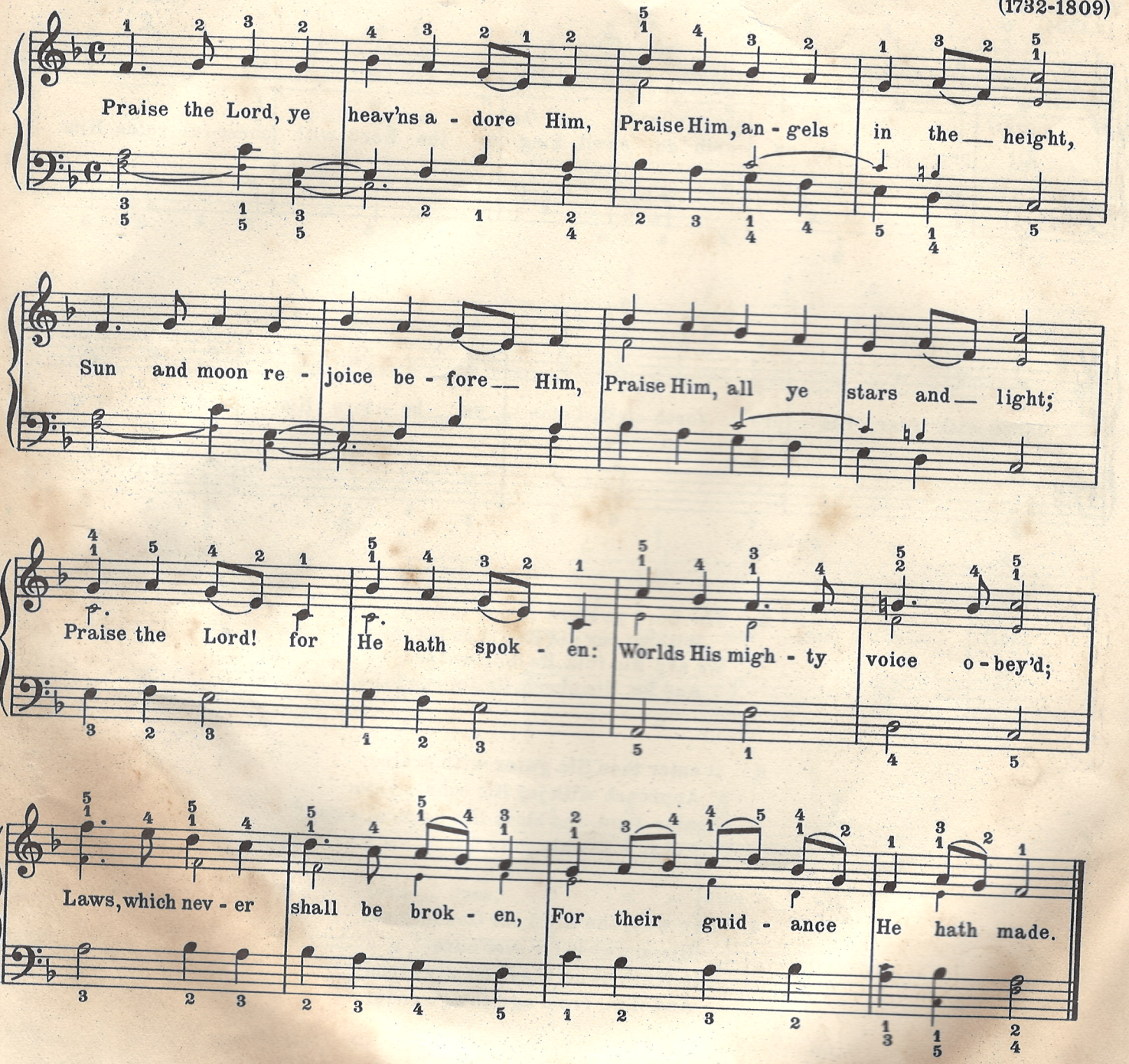
5. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom Heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the heavenly host
Be praise and glory evermore.

PRAISE, THE LORD, YE HEAVENS ADORE HIM

(AUSTRIA)

Foundling Hospital Collection
(1796)

F. J. HAYDN
(1732-1809)


Praise the Lord, ye heav'ns a - dore Him, Praise Him, an - gels in the height,
Sun and moon re - joice be - fore Him, Praise Him, all ye stars and light;
Praise the Lord! for He hath spok - en: Worlds His migh - ty voice o - bey'd;
Laws, which nev - er shall be brok - en, For their guid - ance He hath made.

2. Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His Saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His Name!

Chappell

PRAISE, MY SOUL THE KING OF HEAVEN

(PRAISE, MY SOUL)

H.F. LYTE
(1793-1847)

Sir JOHN GOSS
(1800-1880)

Praise, my soul, the King of Hea - ven, To His feet thy trib - ute
bring; Ran - som'd, heal'd, res - tored, for - giv - en, Ev - er - more His prais - es
sing; Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.

2. Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3. Father-like, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

4. Angels in the height, adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant, bow before Him,
Gather'd in from every race;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace.

THE CHURCH'S ONE FOUNDATION

(AURELIA)

S. J. STONE
(1839-1900)

S. S. WESLEY
(1810-1876)

The church's one foundation Is Jesus Christ her Lord; She
is His new creation, By water and by word: From
Heav'n He came and sought her, To be His holy Bride; With
His own Blood He bought her, And for her life He died.

2. Elect from every nation
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endured.

3. Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed,
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, 'How long?'
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4. 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

5. Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high my dwell with thee.

THE KING OF LOVE MY SHEPHERD IS

(DOMINUS REGIT ME)

Sir H. W. BAKER
(1821-1877)

J. B. DYKES
(1823 1876)

2. Where streams of living waters flow
My ransom'd soul He leadeth;
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.

3. Perverse and foolish oft I strayed;
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill,
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

5. Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy Unction grace bestoweth;
And O, what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

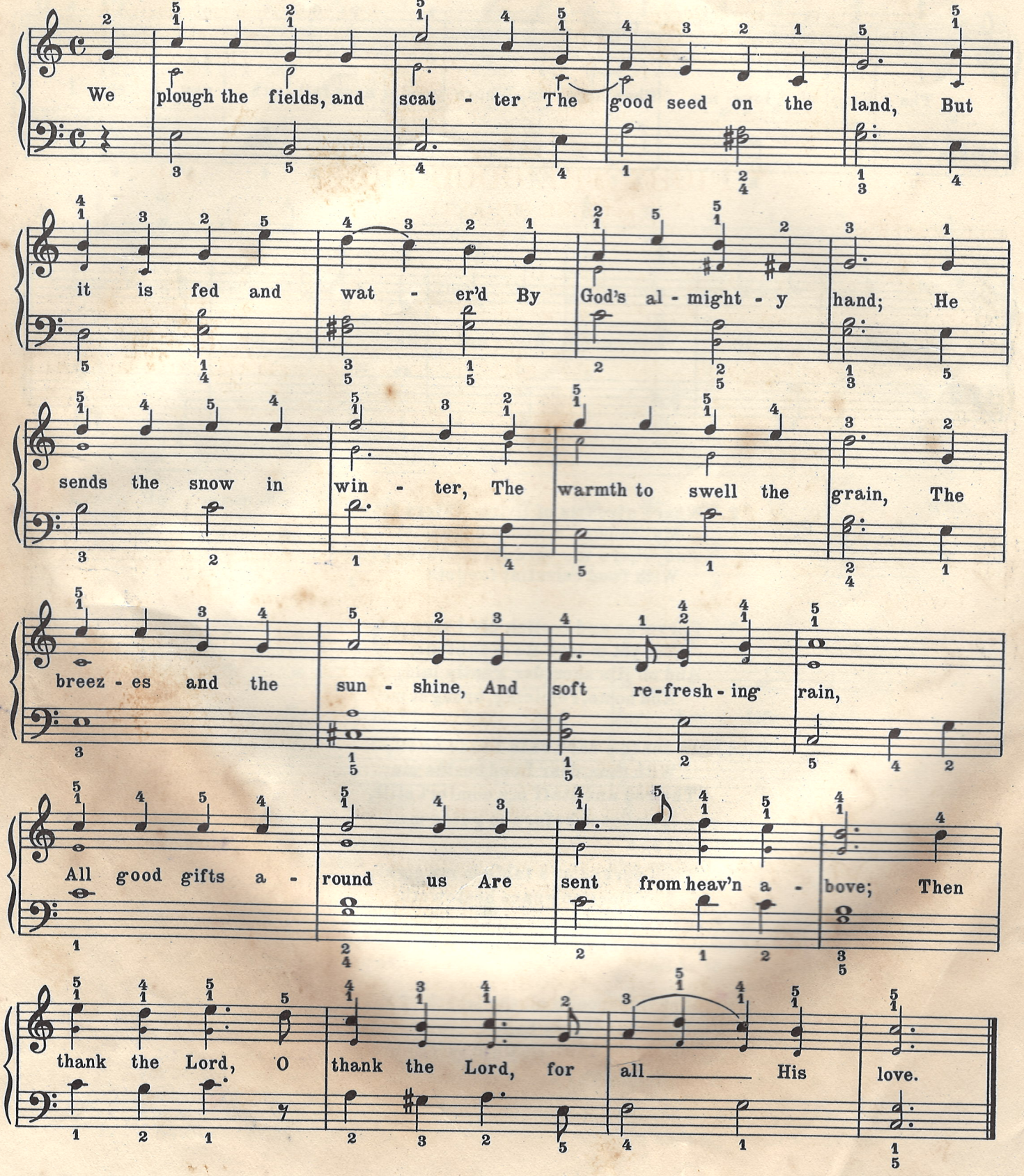
6. And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

WE PLOUGH THE FIELDS

(WIR PFLÜGEN)

M. CLAUDIUS (1740-1815)
Translated by
JANE M. CAMPBELL (1817-1878)

J. A. P. SCHULZ
(1747-1800)


We plough the fields, and scat - ter The good seed on the land, But
it is fed and wat - er'd By God's al - might - y hand; He
sends the snow in win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain, The
breez - es and the sun - shine, And soft re-fresh - ing rain,
All good gifts a - round us Are sent from heav'n a - bove; Then
thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, for all His love.

Chappell

2. He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts around us *etc.*

3. We thank Thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts around us *etc.*

FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT

(DUKE STREET)

J.S.B. MONSELL
(1811-1875)

J. HATTON
(? 1793)

Fight the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy might;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.

2. Run the straight race through God's good grace
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

3. Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove.
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4. Faint not nor fear, His arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS

(ROCKINGHAM)

ISAAC WATTS
(1674-1748)

E. MILLER
(1731-1807)

When I sur - vey the wond - rous cross On
which the Prince of glo - ry died, My
rich - est gain I count but loss, And
pour con - tempt on all my pride.

2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the Cross of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His Blood.

3. See from His Head, His Hands, His Feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

THE DAY THOU GAVEST, LORD, IS ENDED

(ST. CLEMENT)

J. ELLERTON
(1826-1893)

C. C. SCHOLEFIELD
(1839-1904)

The day Thou gav - est, Lord, is end - ed, The
dark - ness falls at Thy be - hest; To
Thee our morn - ing hymns as - cend - ed, Thy
praise shall sanc - ti - fy our rest.

2. We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

3. As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads another day.
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

4. The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky.
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

5. So be it, Lord; Thy Throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy Kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

(EWING)

BERNARD of CLUNG (12th Cent)
Translated by
J.M. NEALE (1818-1866)

A. EWING
(1830-1895)

Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest, Be -
neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest. I
know not, O I know not what joys a - wait us there, What
rad - ian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.

2. They stand, those halls of Sion,
   All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an Angel,
   And all the Martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
   The daylight is serene,
The pastures of the blesséd
   Are deck'd in glorious sheen.

3. There is the throne of David;
   And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
   The song of them that feast;
And they, who with their Leader
   Have conquer'd in the fight,
For ever and for ever
   Are clad in robes of white.

4. O sweet and blesséd country,
   The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blesséd country
   That eager hearts expect!
Jesu, in mercy bring us
   To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father
   And Spirit, ever Blest.

46828 Engraved and Printed by Lowe & Brydone (Printers) Limited London Chappell

Continued from inside front cover

Counting the TIME

Throughout this book each bar contains either two, three or four beats. Each beat is called a crotchet, and is shown by a note like this ♩ The number of beats (or crotchets) in each bar is shown by the upper figure $\frac{3}{4}$ or $\frac{4}{4}$ at the beginning of each. for example $\frac{4}{4}$ means four (crotchet) beats in each bar, e.g.

the only exception to the rule is $\frac{6}{8}$ time, each bar of which contains 6 quavers, but the **beat** is connected as two in a bar (i.e. two dotted crotchets).

The stems of notes go up or down purely for convenience ♩ or 𝅗𝅥 This does not alter their value or pitch.

Besides crotchets, there are three other kinds of notes used in this book:—

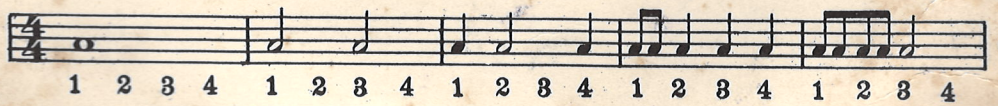
Quaver ♪ = half a crotchet. Two or more quavers are usually joined together, thus (2) ♫

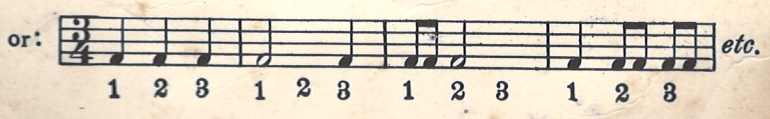
(3) ♫

Minim 𝅗𝅥 = two crotchets, or four quavers.

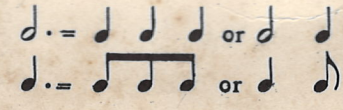
Semi-breve 𝅝 = four crotchets, or two minims, or eight quavers. (N.B. It has no stem.)

A bar of four crotchet beats may contain various combinations of different length notes, equalling the value of four crotchets, thus:

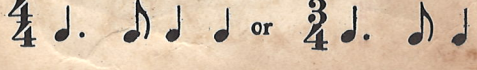




A *Dot* after any note increases the value of the note by half, thus:



Any bar may contain dotted notes, thus:



TIES: When two notes are "tied" together (𝅗𝅥 𝅗𝅥) the second note is not sounded again, but the first note is held for the full value of both notes.

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